

MY REMINISCENCES

OF

A PICNIC-PARTY AT PENANG,

IN THE YEAR

1869.

BY

THOMAS W. R. McMAHON.

Calcutta:

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# MY REMINISCENCES

OF

## A PICNIC-PARTY AT PENANG, 1869.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE PICNIC-PARTY IS ORGANIZED.

It was on the eve of the memorable 9th of November, 1869, that, whilst out taking my usual evening constitutional drive in a dog-cart, I observed a number of my friends, all members of the club like myself, leisurely strolling along the Esplanade, and apparently engaged in an animated conversation, which I inferred from their inspiring gestures and ominous shrugging of shoulders, that made them look like so many votaries of Italian oratory.

Being of a slightly inquisitive turn of mind—as who is not?—I determined upon joining them; and, suiting the action to the thought, I relinquished my hold of the ribbons, and alighted from the vehicle with the agility of one, *au fait* in calisthenics.

This proceeding of mine did not fail to divert the attention of the excited disputants, who, by common consent, dropped the all-important subject, which, but a few moments before, had engrossed



their entire attention, and awaited my arrival in dignified silence.

"Good evening, Charley," said the eldest of the company on my effecting a junction with them, "right glad we are to see you, old boy; how d'ye do?"

I replied that, considering the state of the weather, which was by no means agreeable, I was remarkably well, and trusted that Percy Piddington (the speaker) and the rest were the same, concluding by a bow in which I included all the company.

"Right as trivets, Charley, physically speaking," responded the first speaker, "but I fear our mental faculties are not at all right, as you will presently see and judge for yourself. Previous to your timely arrival, the six of us were occupied in discussing a subject, upon the respective merits of which no two of us are, strictly speaking, agreed; but in the abstract we are fairly divided into two parties, equally strong as far as figures are concerned, but in our opinions we are, I'm sorry to say, distractedly discordant."

"Yes, Harcourt," added Frank Simpson, who evidently was the leader of the opposition, "what you have just heard Piddington state is the simple, unvarnished fact, and considering your coming up to us so opportunely as a god-send, it is to be hoped you will give us the benefit of your more mature judgment, and act as an unbiassed umpire in deciding the question at issue."

"And we pledge ourselves by our word of honour," chimed in another of the party, Cecil Montgomery, a lad of eighteen, universally acknowledged to be the most notorious story-teller in the Straits, "to abide by your decision, be it what it may: what say you, gentlemen?"

"Ay, ay," replied they with one accord.

"Well," said I, putting on an air of judicial importance when thus appealed to for arbitration, "if you but enlighten me by information anent the subject under discussion, whether it be political, polemical, scientific, or otherwise, and on which you say you are at variance, it may be in my power to comply with your united wishes; in which case I promise, on the word of a gentleman, to pronounce judgment in the most unprejudiced manner, and thus render myself worthy of your confidence in my impartiality."

I was then made acquainted with the question under dispute, on the triumphant issue of which both parties were equally sanguine of success.

It was a local-political one, *viz.*, Sir Harry Ord's government.

Percy Piddington, Arthur Dawson, and Cecil Montgomery forcibly asserted, and positively believed, that the fundamental principles by which Major-General Sir Harry St. George Ord was guided in his government of the Straits were such as any statesman worthy of the name would adopt. The fact that Earl Granville approved of Sir

Harry's conduct, they said, was a sufficient guarantee for the force of their argument.

The opposition, headed by Frank Simpson, assisted by Maurice Harrington and Dick Walnut, vigorously maintained, that the basis on which Governor Ord raised—to use a metaphor—the structure of his government, was not such a one as to give stability to his power, adducing as their main argument, the fact of the unpopularity in which he and his Council were held by the residents of Penang and Singapore.

Having thus satisfied my curiosity, the belligerents, in marked silence, awaited my decision.

Pondering over in my mind the respective merits of the *pros* and *cons*, and endeavouring to look wondrously wise, I discovered that the question was a more nettlesome one than I at first considered it to be; however, I must give an answer of some kind or other: scratching my head—expecting by that operation to rouse my dormant intellect—a bright idea rose from the depth of my brains, which I instantly turned to advantage.

Addressing the disputants, I said—"Gentlemen, before giving you my final decision I wish to submit a proposal for your consideration; it is simply this: to-morrow being the twenty-eighth anniversary of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales' birthday, and as our island has the exalted and rare privilege of being named after him, I propose that we get up a picnic-party for the

occasion, and spend the day on the Great Hill and at the Alexandra Baths."

This proposition having been received with undisguised pleasure, and readily consented to, I continued :—

"I still further propose that the dispute pending between you be postponed *sine die*."

Seeing that this suggestion did not meet with the same cordial approval as the first, I resumed :—

"Not to do so would be to mar the prospect of a day's pleasure, which, I'm sure, none of you would for a moment think of doing. What say you now?"

This appeal to their better feelings had the desired effect. With one accord they consented, and there and then began to concert measures for the success of the morrow's picnic, the preliminaries of which will be seen in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.

### WHAT BEFELL MR. JOSIAH HUNT ON THE MORNING OF THE MORROW.

At the early hour of five next morning, *in our swallow-tail coats and black trowsers*, we met, as was pre-arranged the evening previous, at the residence of Mr. Hunt, a decided advocate of convivial gatherings. Finding that young gentleman still

in the arms of Somnus and, in all probability, wrapped in those of Morpheus, anticipating the pleasures of the day by dreaming away the suspense of the night, we came to the conclusion of giving him a surprise, whether agreeable or otherwise, remains to be seen.

The window of his bed-room, which was on the upper floor, being open, favoured our enterprise.

Having provided ourselves with a *sine qua non* in the shape of a rope-ladder, which I observed suspended from the branch of a *doorien* tree (Hunt was very partial to *dooriens*), and from which Maurice Harrington soon dislodged it, our next movement was to secure it inside the chamber; but here a difficulty presented itself in the shape of an enormous Newfoundland dog, which Dick Walnut averred he had heard Hunt repeatedly say slept in his bed-room every night. Our fears on this score were quickly dispelled by seeing the object of our anxious thoughts at a convenient distance, comfortably cuddled up on the side of its kennel, and which we at first—owing to the imperfect light of a grey morning—took to be a pile of charred straw.

The accuracy of our discovery being fully ascertained, we next consulted, in a whisper, as to the most feasible plan by which one of us was to secure a surreptitious entrance to Hunt's room.

After many strange devices, ingenious suggestions, and wise propositions, none of which suited our purpose, Frank Simpson, who had not

spoken hitherto, suddenly said he would give us a hint, which, perhaps, would enable us to hit upon a contrivance for ensuring the attainment of our object.

He then related that the monkeys of Province Wellesley have a singular method of coming down from a tree surrounded on all sides by water: this they do by clinging to one another's tails till the last one is within a few inches from the surface of the water, when they begin swinging themselves in the manner of a pendulum: suddenly the last one detaches itself from the main body, and is lodged on *terra firma*.

At this period of his narrative he was interrupted by Arthur Dawson, who said he had an idea which, if carried out, could not but realize our fondest hopes. His suggestion was that we should, in imitation of the monkeys, make a cable of ourselves, but with this difference that, as they began at the top, we were to start from the bottom.

A trial of this scheme was unanimously adopted, with a single dissenting voice in the person of Dick Walnut, who mildly reminded us of the fact that we were utterly destitute of such requisite appendages as tails: this remark had the effect of making us gag our mouths with our handkerchiefs to prevent our immoderate laughter from awakening the slumberer.

I, being the strongest, was requested to bend



down, which I had no sooner done than Frank Simpson, the tallest and leanest of the lot, mounted on me, planting his feet on my shoulders.

The next to mount was Cecil Montgomery, who secured a firm footing on Frank's shoulders.

We were then directed by Piddington to stretch ourselves to our full height; but in complying with this order I experienced some difficulty, as I had two above me; however, this impediment was soon overcome, and the three of us stood bolt upright.

Percy Piddington, who superintended these proceedings, which were being executed to everyone's satisfaction, though not without a good deal of suppressed laughter, observed that Cecil, *the Exalted*, was within a few inches of the window sill, and ordering an empty brandy case (Josiah Hunt occasionally indulged in a stunning *cock-tail*) hard by to be placed conveniently at my feet, helped me to mount it, and thus put Montgomery within easy reach of the window,—an advantage of which he was not slow to avail himself; but springing into the bed chamber with the activity of a cat, alighted on the floor with the softness of one, and set about fastening the rope-ladder, which he had taken up with him coiled round his neck.

Having firmly secured the top of the ladder, he whispered to us through his hands, which served him as a speaking trumpet, that he had succeeded, adding that Hunt was snoring like a hog, which piece of information he might have very well dis-

pensed with, as the steady and regular grunt was perfectly audible to us below.

Having duly tested the safety of an ascent, we mounted one by one, without the slightest accident, and four of us going to the corners of the bed, took up our positions there, while the remaining three silently busied themselves with the task of removing four large trunks, each about two feet six inches high, from their stands, and planting them as near to the feet of the bed as possible. Then, at a signal from Piddington, we simultaneously raised the bed high enough to admit the boxes under the legs, which done, we ensconced ourselves behind a piece of tapestry, screening off a small portion of the apartment that answered the purpose of a dressing-room, and thus effectually concealed, we awaited in breathless silence the result of our machinations, which we had no reason to suppose would eventually miscarry.

We had scarcely put ourselves in ambush, when a prolonged yawn, with its attendant snufflings, &c., &c., warned us that Hunt was about to rise.

A minute afterwards we had the satisfaction of beholding him sit up, clear his eyes, rub his arms and legs, and finally vacate his bed; but in his attempt to do so, his legs going right under, he overbalanced himself and fell forward with a heavy *thud* on the floor.

Fortunately for him,—and as we had no intention of causing him any bodily harm,—Piddington



placed a spare mattress, found in a corner of the room, on the spot where it was calculated he would fall, so that he sustained no injury whatever.

On recovering his legs, his first surprise was the height of his bed from the floor, but observing the boxes by which it was supported, he was actually terrified, and screamed out most lustily "*pinchuri! pinchuri!! matha-matha! matha-matha!!*" Then, recollecting himself, he soliloquised thus:—

"It can't be a robber, for everything is in its place just as I left it last night before retiring. There's my watch and chain; ten bank-notes of twenty-five dollars each; a cheque on the Mercantile Bank for one thousand two hundred dollars just received from Singapore: nothing is taken. Who, then, can it be? By George, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if it were that scamp Piddington and his facetious friends,—the devil's own offspring. But, by all that's wonderful, how did they manage to get in? I'd give a hundred dollars to know."

"Plank the money then," said Piddington, counterfeiting a sepulchral tone, "and I, your dear departed mammy, shall inform you."

Hunt, who was by no means a poltroon, having evinced signal courage in an affair on a former occasion similar to the present one, grasped his trusty *lawyer*, and thus armed, walked boldly into his boudoir whence, he rightly conjectured, the terrific voice had proceeded, where, to

his utter astonishment, he found us indulging in a morning *peg* at his expense, which circumstance clearly proved that his "dear departed mammy" had not favoured his bed-room that morning with her spiritual presence.

"I do declare, Piddington," said Hunt, as soon as he found tongue, "you have treated me to a surprise the reverse of agreeable in giving me that tumble-down from my bed."

"Which made you highly complimentary to his friends," interposed Frank Simpson, from whose eyes the tears were streaming in consequence of excessive laughter in which we sympathetically united.

On partly recovering our gravity, Hunt desired to know by what supernatural means we had entered his apartment, the door of which was secured by a stout French lock; whereupon Montgomery, *the Loquacious*, satisfied him by a fifteen minutes' account which, I must say, was considerably overdrawn.

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### CHAPTER III.

JOSIAH HUNT IS STILL FURTHER VICTIMISED.

It was now half-past six, when the question of starting on our picnic excursion was mooted, Hunt still in his night-clothes.

"I propose," said Arthur Dawson, "that we go

off without further delay, Hunt accompanying us, habited as he is."

"I second the motion," spoke Dick Walnut, "and, in doing so, suggest that, in lieu of seating ourselves inside the gharry, we take our places on the roof."

"Agreed," we cried unanimously, when poor Hunt, terrified at the prospect of having to sit on the top of a carriage *à la chemise* passing along the main road, which was certain to be alive with pleasure-seeking parties, of which ladies, in all probability, would constitute the majority, and to one of whom he was engaged—terrified, I say, at such a prospect, Hunt, springing to his feet, said:—"With respect to the second resolution I must say I haven't the shadow of an objection of any kind; but, as regards the first, considering that I am engaged to a charming old maid, who no doubt will form one of a knot of pleasure-seekers like ourselves, I *veto* it with all my might and main."

He was then proceeding to dress himself, whistling 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' when Piddington checked his further progress by firmly planting himself between him and his wardrobe which was doomed to remain untouched that day.

"Hunt," said Piddington, "the two propositions submitted to us we have carried unanimously, and if there be any person in the present company who has the power to annul by his *veto* any proposition that may be submitted to him for his approval, that

privileged individual is myself, seeing that I am acknowledged by their votes—yours not excepted—President, invested with absolute power on every occasion we are assembled together as at the present moment. Is it not so, gentlemen?”

“Most unequivocally yes,” we responded.

“I say decidedly no,” vociferated Hunt.

“Since Mr. Hunt,” said Piddington, addressing us with mock solemnity, “will not conform to the general wish, thereby displaying a most obstinate and perverse spirit, incompatible with the docility and obedience which are the main supports of a well-regulated and exemplary association like ours, I consider it my duty to resort to severe and necessarily disagreeable measures, in the execution of which my naturally jovial disposition and—ahem! ahem!—amiability of temper, must unfortunately give way to stern and imperative duty. I say it with tears in my eyes, which I cannot repress.”

*[Here he, with both hands, lifted his coat-tails, passing them under his arm-pits, and, applying each to an eye, wiped away an imaginary tear. This melancholy action produced such an effect on us that, with one impulse, we drew forth our pocket-handkerchiefs and set to sobbing (laughing) like fine fellows. Hunt, who was as fond of a joke as any one going, determined to keep up the sport by contributing his quota to the general gloom which so suddenly overspread the miniature assembly. In the absence of that very useful rag, yclept, a handkerchief, he had*

*recourse to his night-shirt, with which he covered his phiz and began a series of what he meant to be sobs, but which were, in reality, a go-between a roar and a grunt. After a few minutes, Percy resumed, addressing himself to the refractory Hunt:]*

“I am sorely grieved, Mr. Hunt—(pause)—yes, grieved to my inmost soul, to have been a veritable eye-witness of your infernal obstinacy for which you will receive the just chastisement due to a stubborn and perverse character—(a long pause). Having duly and maturely considered the heinousness of your crime, to use a mild term, I have come to the conclusion that if these gentlemen, pointing to us, “who form the jury, find that you have offended beyond forgiveness, you are to expect no mercy, but shall be excommunicated from our society for evermore. I, however, will be lenient, and give you time to repent before it is too late. I allow you five minutes; till then I reserve judgment.”

Having ended his harangue, which was delivered in the most pompous and grandiloquent style imaginable, Percy Ramsgate Piddington, Esq., resumed his seat, and awaited the result of his speech, the excellence of which, combined with its dignified delivery, he doubted not would produce an extraordinary effect, for the better, on the delinquent; nor was he disappointed in his surmises, for Hunt, after deliberating with himself for about a minute-and-a-half, rose to his feet and spoke thus:—

“Mr. President and gentlemen of the jury—”

“If I have been guilty of a serious misdemeanour, as you seem to insinuate, by refusing to yield submission to your glaringly unreasonable demand—(*hear, hear*)—the main fault does not lie with me, but with yourselves—(*cries of “exactly so” and “quite right”*)—in endeavouring to compel me to submit to, what I am of opinion is, a piece of unprecedented folly—(*loud applause*).—Not satisfied with going on a picnic excursion, attired in evening dress, as if for a ball, and which the Penang public will most assuredly and rightly consider a reckless assumption of madness—(*cries of “hear, hear” and “bravo Hunt”*)—you will, to crown your tokens of lunacy, have me go with you perched on the roof of a gharry, in my night-shirt and drawers—(*bursts of admiration*)—exposed to the scrutinizing gaze of a civilized and criticising populace—(*loud applause and enthusiastic cheering*). Only yesterday I went to see that humane institution, yecept, the ‘Lunatic Asylum,’ over the premises of which I was politely shewn by the Superintendent, Doctor Vansittart, F. R. C. S., &c., &c. On expressing my surprise that many of the cells were untenanted, he had the unparalleled kindness to inform me that, *unfortunately*, madness was fast disappearing from the Island—(*cries of “I don’t believe it.” “All fudge and nonsense.” “It is as rife as ever”*)—which circumstance occasioned him no little concern, as it materially affected his income—(*“glad to hear it,” “serves him right”*).



What if he be out to-day—as in all probability he will—and should observe us, will he not without loss of time denounce us to that prince of lunatics Major-General Sir Harry St. George Ord, C. B., Governor of the Straits Settlements, Commander-in-Chief and Lord High Admiral, &c., &c., &c., and have the eight of us immured in as many cells of the Lunatic Asylum, then what will my lady-love of three-score-and-ten say when she comes to learn that her darling Josiah is incarcerated in the *Rooma Geela*?”

[*Here the speaker was so overcome with tender emotions that it was some-time ere he could proceed.*]

“I do not ask you to desist from your project; Heaven forbid that I should, for then my name would not be Josiah Hunt; but—(a pause)—

I am decided, heart, soul, and body, night-drawers and *bajju*, I accompany you—(*vociferous shouts and prolonged cheering*).

“Yes, I’ll form one of the party, in my present costume, only on one condition, and that is that you all sign a document which I shall forthwith draw up.

He then explained to us the nature of the paper we were to sign: it was to the effect that, should Miss Jemima Rawlinson, HIS LADY-LOVE WITH SILVER-LOCKS-SO-GREY, by any means chance to see him attired as he was, and on that account break off the engagement between them, we would pledge ourselves liable to pay him, as damages, one hundred and fifty dollars each.

After this communication had been made to us, we consulted for a couple of minutes amongst ourselves, and came to the conclusion that, as there wasn't the slightest probability of Miss Rawlinson's doing anything of the kind, we would not compromise ourselves by submitting to the condition imposed upon us by Hunt; so, having made known to him the result of our deliberations, he forthwith proceeded to draw up, in due legal form (Hunt was one of that class of individuals who save others estates only to secure them for themselves,—I mean the gentlemen of the bar), the document to which we were to append our *bonâ fide* signatures.

While he was thus engaged, Piddington, with great dexterity, stealthily drew a piece of note-paper from the hopeful barrister's *escritoir*, and having divided it into six slips, scribbling on each with a pencil, he distributed them amongst us.

All this was done with rigid secrecy, that Hunt might not have cause to suspect the deceit we were about to practise; but I must not anticipate.

"Now, then, gentlemen," said Hunt, when he had ceased writing, "if you will be good enough to direct your attention to me for a few moments, I will read this paper to you: should you object to any particular clause, I pray you let me know the obnoxious passage, that I may alter it to our mutual satisfaction."

He then read it aloud in legal form, and we, finding it perfectly satisfactory, did not hesitate



to put our hands to it, which we did in the following order :—Piddington, myself, Simpson, Dawson, Montgomery, Harrington, and Walnut.

Hunt, without looking at our signatures, folded it up, and having consigned it to the capacious folds of a gigantic pocket-book, placed it in a *secretaire*, with the air of a man who has achieved something surprisingly wonderful.

After treating ourselves to another dose of B. and S., we left the room in the same un-Christian-like manner as on entering it, *i. e.*, *en descendant avec une échelle de cordes*.

Two carriages being in readiness, we, as it was agreed upon, mounted on the roof, Piddington and myself taking possession of the dicky-boxes, from which we dislodged the coachmen, who made some opposition, but we speedily silenced it by a rapid succession of kicks and blows, in the delivery of which Piddington proved himself a perfect adept, and having by sheer force of pugilistic arguments compelled the crest-fallen and deposed cabbies to take up their position in the rear, we started on our picnic excursion, the details of which we'll reserve for the succeeding chapters.

## CHAPTER IV.

WE EXCITE POPULAR ADMIRATION, AND, BY A STRATAGEM,  
TAKE POSSESSION OF THE CONVALESCENT BUNGALOW.

Northam Road, as Hunt had but too faithfully prognosticated, presented an appearance the recollection of which is indelibly imprinted on my memory.

Numberless carriages, newly-painted, were seen rolling along that romantic road, in one continuous stream, leading us to suppose that *all* Penang had turned out, which, indeed, was really the case.

Rigged out in holiday attire, the good people of Prince of Wales' Island resolved upon giving a striking proof of their loyalty and devoted attachment to the illustrious HEIR-APPARENT, and this they did in good earnest.

As our carriages, drawn by two stout ponies, but recently imported from Acheen, rapidly passed the rest, our lofty position and quaint apparel were subjects of universal comment, judging from the general gaze which was directed towards us.

It was not long before applause succeeded surprise, for, on observing Hunt, the gay occupants of the several carriages, Europeans and Malays, Chinamen and Malabars, in the exuberance of their joy, cheered us most lustily, the ladies frantically waving their handkerchiefs, all of which we gratefully acknowledged by standing erect and bowing most complacently.

This outburst of popular, unalloyed admiration continued all along the line, which we eventually succeeded in passing, and, placing ourselves at the head of it, struck up that quintessence of American national melodies, '*Yankee Doodle*.'

The infection spread from carriage to carriage, and in less time than it takes me to write it, the whole procession, mad with excitement, was soon engaged in doing justice to the musical abilities of the eminent composer,—whoever he was,—by indulging in a series of discordant sounds, meant to harmonize with the dulcet strains begun by our own precious selves.

At length we arrived at the Alexandra baths, where, amidst prolonged shouts, intended for cheering, we descended from our exalted position, and having engaged for the day—paying for it most munificently—the only upper room in the hotel attached to the bathing establishment, we directed our course to the *shower-bath*, on entering which we firmly secured the door by a *ligneous* bolt, regardless of a party of ladies who were following sharp in our wake, and for whom the bath in question was exclusively intended.

Here we humoured ourselves, to our hearts' content, in the execution of various aquatic feats, the performance of which cost me a bloody nose, for, in my endeavours to turn a somersault, I fell plump on that protuberance; the result of this failure was a copious flow of the crimson fluid.

Nothing daunted, I—to use a low term—*plugged* my olfactory organs with cotton, gratuitously supplied by Mr. M. Thompson, the enterprising proprietor and manager of the baths, which done, I joined my amphibious friends, who had been only slightly disconcerted at my mishap.

Finding this bath too small to afford ample amusement, we came to the conclusion of evacuating it, and having scrambled down the rocks, took immediate possession of the *plunge-bath*, to the utter consternation of its original occupants—a number of lads attending St. Francis Xavier's Institution—who, to avoid a ducking, wisely left the water in which we dabbled twenty minutes longer.

The sun had now attained an altitude of about twenty-five degrees, so deeming it advisable to commence the ascent of the Hill without further delay, and as the ponies were in readiness at the foot, we were about to mount when an exclamation of ill-smothered surprise close by us, arrested further movements.

The voice had evidently proceeded from one of the feminine gender, but who she was, or whence she had spoken, we could not, with our united exertions, divine.

Looking upon the occurrence as a delusion, we, without more ado, mounted our tats, and rode up the Hill, at the summit of which we arrived in good condition, and domiciled in the *Convalescent Bungalow*, though not without a show of opposition on

the part of the *Government official* (a convict) in charge, who said, he had positive orders from the Lieutenant-Governor to admit no one without a pass to which his signature was not affixed, upon which Josiah Hunt, in a torrent of expletives, indignantly produced a bill for a case of brandy which he had purchased from Tye Sin Tat, and, thrusting it in the convict's face, with all the assurance of a man in the right, asked him if he didn't recognise the signature of the Hon'ble Colonel Anson, in that of the Chinese shop-keepers, Tye Sin Tat & Co.

The poor privileged prisoner, who was a Bengalee, and knew not a word of English, was easily persuaded, and, begging a thousand pardons for his supposed rudeness, accompanying the action by numberless *salaams*, threw open the doors and admitted us.

We soon began to feel the necessity of assuaging the pangs of hunger, and, fully impressed with this idea, set about cooking, in amateur style, an *impromptu* breakfast, which, when we had partaken of it, was considered by us the most delicious we ever enjoyed. Hunt, in particular, was so delighted at the success of his own cooking, that, for a moment, he seriously thought of chucking up the law to embark his fortunes in a culinary establishment, of which he, of course, would be *sukong-dapore bassar*.

After breakfast we unanimously agreed to ramble about the Hill, as the weather was delightfully

cool, the sun being partially obscured by clouds, so, taking our guns, we went to the Governor's warren, situated on a picturesque little hill, very appropriately named by old Governor Kavenagh, Rabbit Hill, at a short distance from Government House, and, being in the humour for poaching, succeeded in bagging four brace.

Hunt was in high spirits at the prospect of again displaying his culinary powers, and actually hastened our departure from the *Convalescent Bungalow*. The day previous it had been decided, in solemn conclave, that we were to breakfast on *Bukis Mandayra* (the Great Hill), lunch at *Iyer-tujong* (the water-fall), and dine at the Alexandra Hotel, but we never thought of leaving the Hill so early.

We accordingly descended, and took up our quarters under a tree of gigantic height, whose wide-spreading and umbrageous branches sheltered us from the heat of the sun, which, just then, shone forth in all its tropical splendour.

Desirous of enjoying a mid-day swim, and Hunt having volunteered to superintend the cooking of the rabbits, we started for the hotel, leaving him alone under the tree, which was hard by the basin of the water-fall, commonly known, I believe, as 'Hôgan's Basin.'

A noon-day bath is a luxury, the enjoyment of which invigorates the weary limbs and produces a surprising effect on the human frame, which, previous to the indulgence, is benumbed,—so to speak,—



by lassitude. Those who have gone on a day's pleasure in a sultry and relaxing climate, must have experienced this, and can therefore safely corroborate my statement.

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## CHAPTER V.

IS DECIDEDLY SERIOUS, BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE  
IN WHICH WE ARE VICTORIOUS, DEFEATING A PARTY  
OF NAVAL OFFICERS.

Refreshed and strengthened, we left the bath, and directed our steps to the room we had engaged for the day. Finding the door locked, and the apartment resounding with mirth and jollity, Piddington requested me to seek Mr. Thompson and demand of him the reason of this breach of engagement. As I was turning to execute the order, Mr. Thompson made his appearance, his left arm in a sling, and his right hand covering an ugly gash on his forehead with a wet handkerchief.

Forgetting for a time our own grievance, we sympathised with poor Thompson, and asked him what had maimed him in that manner, whereupon he told us that, whilst we were bathing, a party of eight naval officers from H. M.'s *Satellite* and *Wasp*, then in port, had come to the hotel, and, going immediately to our room, were about to enter, when he put himself before them, saying, he was the pro-

prietor of the establishment, and had already let the room for the day to others, on which one of them aimed a blow at him which he parried, but in doing so overbalanced himself, and fell down the stairs, receiving in the fall two severe cuts,—one on his left arm, and the other over the right eye. On gaining his legs, he found they had entered, and barred the door.

“Well,” said Piddington, when Thompson had concluded, “we must dislodge these unprincipled invaders from their illegal position; and as you say there are eight of them, we shall have to add another to our party, seeing we are only seven. I say Dawson,” he continued, addressing that youth, “see if you can enlist one of those fellows below on our side: be sure he’s a strong fellow, for we shall most assuredly have some tough work.”

So desired, Dawson went below (we were on the landing) and soon returned, bringing with him a regular cyclops in the person of Mr. Julius Lorimer, overseer of roads under the municipality.

Thus reinforced, we prepared to break open the door, receiving our instructions from Piddington, who bravely volunteered to be one of the three who were to constitute the forlorn hope, whereupon Mr. Lorimer and myself offered our services and were accepted.

Having put ourselves in position ready for action, Piddington rapped at the door sufficiently loud enough to be heard a mile off. This action



produced a marvellous effect upon the revellers inside, who, a moment before, were boisterously noisy, but now, a silence ensued descriptive of the grave.

Piddington, who is not slow to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded, calls upon the besieged in a voice of thunder to surrender, promising them the privilege of retiring with all the honours of war. "Will you accept the condition?" he says.

To this summons, the beleaguered answer like Irishmen by asking another question.

"Who are you?" say they, "that has the assurance to call upon us to evacuate our stronghold?"

"I'm Percy Ramsgate Piddington, Commander of the besieging force, of whose stronghold, as you are pleased to call it, you have taken illicit possession, in their absence. I call upon you once more in the name of the Prince of Wales, whose royal birthday we this day celebrate, to surrender like Christians, or, by *George, Jove, and Jingo*, you'll find to your cost that Percy Ramsgate Piddington and his brave followers are not to be trifled with.

To this second summons they reply by a stout refusal, ornamented by a host of sea-expletives. At the same time a head is observed to protrude through a small opening above the door, no doubt for the purpose of reconnoitering, but a sharp *thud* administered with the butt end of a *lawyer* by Cecil Montgomery,—who has had his eyes on that

loop-hole ever since the opening of the siege,—causes it to recede in an agony of pain.

Simultaneous with Montgomery's exploit, Piddington gives the command "To the breach, my boys," when the door, yielding to our united efforts, bursts open with a crash, sending three of the enemy, who had placed their backs against it, sprawling on the table before them.

Without giving them time to recover their astonishment, we pick up the fallen three, and heaving them through the open window abandon them to their fate; which done, we return to the scene of action, where two of us mount guard at the entrance to prevent the return of the vanquished trio.

The necessity of this precautionary measure was soon made apparent by the re-appearance of the discomfited *men-of-war*, who were not much injured by the flight we gave them through the window, for, on dropping them, they alighted on the *attap* slope, sliding down which, they had a fall of about six feet, and, getting on their legs once more, returned to the entrance, thirsting for vengeance, which was plainly depicted in their heated countenances.

Slamming what remained of the door in their faces and putting a heavy bed against it, to strengthen our resistance to their efforts from without, we (Mr. Lorimer and myself) were more at liberty to witness the conflict raging before us.

For some minutes the uproar was terrific; blows were given and received in the most liberal manner; blood began to flow from sundry noses; and certain eyes, that had begun the day, blue brown, or grey, as the case might be, assumed a hue, dark as *Erebus*.

The seamen were evidently getting the worst of the fight, weakened as they were by the early loss of three of their companions, when Piddington, who all along kept encouraging his fellows both by word and example, suddenly fell to the ground, stunned by a blow on the forehead from his opponent, who gave vent to his satisfaction at having thus triumphed over our leader, by cheering, in which he was heartily joined by his gang, those on the outside included.

But the triumph was of short duration.

Our fellows, maddened at the sight of their prostrate leader, redoubled their pugilistic efforts, and eventually succeeded in felling two of the opposite party; and Piddington coming to himself mustered all his remaining strength, which was well nigh fairly exhausted, and aiming a well-directed blow, took his antagonist between the eyes, causing him to stagger against the window, which advantage Piddington followed up by seizing his legs and hoisting him through it.

It was now our turn to cheer, which we did in earnest and with such gusto as to make the remaining four quail before us.

Up to this moment I had done little else beyond giving one of the enemy an aërial sensation and mounting guard at the door; but now, weary of having nothing more active to do, I went up to Piddington, and represented to him the necessity of resting himself awhile, saying I would take his place; to this proposal he cordially assented.

Advancing to the remaining four, I asked them whether they were disposed to continue the conflict or not, assuring them that further resistance was futile, considering that three of us were fresh, having only guarded the entrance, while they, on the contrary, had borne the brunt of the strife for fully twenty minutes.

To this argument they were about to reply, when an exclamation from one of them caused the rest to look out of the window.

“By George!” said one of them, “that’s ‘Long Bill,’ and no mistake about it.”

Then turning to us, the speaker hurriedly said:—  
“We yield to your superior strength, and apologize to you for our ungentlemanly conduct in taking an unfair advantage of your temporary absence to possess ourselves of this room, being perfectly aware of the fact that you had engaged it for the day.”

This apology, tendered in the very best spirit, led to an immediate reconciliation.

At this moment, the violent tugging at the door, which had been perseveringly kept up by those whom we so unceremoniously shut out, suddenly ceased,

in consequence of their having also espied the First Lieutenant of the *Satellite*, who was known on board by the *sobriquet* of 'Long Bill.'

Hastily opening the door, we addmitted them, when they were informed by one of their party of the cessation of hostilities, and the amicable understanding that now existed between the late belligerents.

The treaty of peace, which was instantly drawn up in the shape of friendly, elaborate speeches delivered on both sides, was there and then signed by pledging one another's health and parting in the most amicable style imaginable.

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## CHAPTER VI.

CONTAINS AN INSTANCE OF JOSIAH HUNT'S PRINCELY LIBERALITY. HE IS VISITED IN OUR ABSENCE, AND CONSIDERED, BY DR. VANSITTART, A CONFIRMED LUNATIC.

It is now time that I should revert to Josiah Hunt, and inform the reader of the manner in which that eccentric individual conducted himself whilst the scenes detailed in the preceding chapter were being enacted.

Having seen us fairly gone, he hired a carriage, and taking the rabbits with him, proceeded post-haste to his residence, where he doffed his night dress, and decked himself out in an evening suit like ourselves, having previously given the rabbits

to his cook with strict orders to prepare them in the most epicurean style, and that immediately, *if not sooner*.

That official, well up in his trade, did as he was told, with such expedition that his master had scarcely completed his toilet, which he determined should be an elaborate one, when he waited upon him, saying that the rabbits were cooked as he desired, and wanted to know what he was to do next.

"Pack them up carefully," said he to that functionary, "and stow them away in the gharry. Here," he continued, "are *five* cents for your trouble, but mind you say nothing of the part you have acted in this affair."

So saying he sprang into the carriage, taking his mighty pocket-book with him, and drove back to the picnic camp with the same reckless precipitancy with which he left it.

Here his first act was to divest himself of his fashionable attire, and resume his undress, concealing the former at a short distance from the tree under which we left him.

He had scarcely gone through the operation of change of dress, when a roving party of ladies and gentlemen hove in sight, and seeing Hunt, whom they recognised at once, bore down upon him so suddenly that he could not, without escaping observation, retire to a place of concealment; so, putting a pleasant face upon himself, he arose and greeted the new-comers, who were all intimately known to him.



"It is, indeed," he said, "a great"—he was about to say *nuisance*, but checking himself in time, he substituted—"pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, to have such a charming company (Dr. Vansittart was one) visit me. I can assure you I cannot find words to sufficiently"—a sudden impulse suggested *curse*, but speedily recovering his equanimity of temper, he said—"thank you for this flattering proof of your love, I mean friendship, and I sincerely trust that"—he would have gone on with some more rhapsodical speechifying, but casually hearing Dr. Vansittart remark—"Mrs. Mitchell, what is your private opinion of Mr. Hunt? Do you not believe him considerably demented? For my part, I have not the slightest doubt of the fact."

Mrs. Mitchell, thus appealed to, was about to reply, when, catching Hunt's eye, she dexterously turned in the direction indicated by the wink he gave, and observed us approaching, carrying more sail than ballast.

"Mr. Hunt," said Mrs. Mitchell, "I believe you belong to that party now coming towards us."

"Yes, Mrs. Mitchell," replied Hunt, keenly eyeing Dr. Vansittart, who was muttering to himself watching us the while "they went to the baths an hour ago, to enjoy the luxury of a noon day ablution, leaving me behind to prepare the lunch, and I flatter myself that I have performed that self-imposed duty to perfection."

He then proceeded to uncover the vessel in

which the rabbits lay in chaotic confusion, and upon which the ladies were gazing with transfixed attention, wondering what the contents might be; but no sooner had Hunt made a move towards uncovering the mysterious pot, than there was such a sudden rush amongst them, that they fell pell-mell over one another, bringing down Hunt with them to the intense amusement of the gentlemen.

At this crisis we put in an appearance, and Montgomery, in his eagerness to rescue the pot of rabbits,—which poor Hunt kept on entreating the ladies to spare,—put his right foot into the vessel, which being an earthenware one, easily succumbed to the pressure and broke into several pieces, causing the deliciously cooked rabbits to fall out.

Fortunately for us, the spot on which the smash occurred, was well spread with hay: so each of us having secured a rabbit, was soon engaged in detaching the straw which had adhered to it, by way of preliminary to the final destruction of our ill-gotten goods.

“I say, Piddington,” said Dr. Vansittart, speaking most emphatically, “you are a —— fortunate fellow. Now by all that’s wonderful where the —— did you manage to secure such —— plump rabbits? My —— cook on his return from the —— market this morning positively swore there were none to be had for any money: —— it, do tell me where you managed to get them.”

“You have only to go up the Hill where you will



see them, on a particular spot, running perfectly wild," answered Piddington, devouring the quadruped he had boned in the *melee*.

"Up the Hill you say! Why, you must have been poaching on the Governor's property," exclaimed Dr. Vansittart, horrified.

"Nothing more nor less," grunted Piddington, munching away most vigorously. "I say, Hunt, I wonder you don't chuck up the gown for the apron and ladle: this rabbit is fit for the table of a prince. Dr. Vansittart, do try this bone, and let's have your opinion on the subject of amateur cooking."

Doctor Vansittart, who was one of the very best natured men I've ever had the pleasure of knowing, accepted the leg, pronouncing it delicious; whereupon the rest,—the ladies not excepted,—boisterously clamoured for a portion: the result was a promiscuous distribution of legs, ears, toes, and other delicious portions of the rabbit.

When this request was made, Hunt had demolished all but the toes of his rabbit, which he politely offered to Miss Carter,—on whom he was supposed to be rather *spooney*,—remarking, that he was extremely sorry to part with such a rare delicacy, assuring her he was imposing a great sacrifice upon himself in being compelled, out of sheer politeness, to comply with the general demand (*O! fie!*).

Miss Carter, with that characteristic shrewdness peculiar to her, sturdily refused the proffered honor, adding that when she became destitute of such pe-

dalic appendages, she would not fail to give Mr. Josiah Hunt timely notice of the same.

## CHAPTER VII.

WE ROVE ABOUT IN QUEST OF SPORT AND SOON FIND OCCASION FOR INDULGING IN THE SAME. IN AN ATTEMPT TO SURPRISE ANOTHER PARTY WE ARE UNSUCCESSFUL, AND HUNT IS TAKEN PRISONER: HE RECOVERS HIS LIBERTY BY SINGING TWO MALAY SONGS.

When we had satisfied the cravings of hunger, following up the action by a copious draught of Bass' very best ale purchased from Seow Huck & Co., we, to the number of twenty-one, started on a rambling expedition, proposed by Miss Carter, fully prepared for any piece of fun that might suggest itself.

We hadn't proceeded far when the sound of music, borne along the soft aromatic breeze, indicated the presence of another party in our vicinity. Advancing cautiously, we stopped at a distance of about fifteen yards from the spot which excited our curiosity.

Here a consultation was held, which resulted in a resolve to force them into an abandonment of their position, by giving them a mortal fright, without their having the slightest knowledge of who the intruders were. Cecil Montgomery was accordingly selected to execute the task of recon-

noitring, which he did with singular success, reporting to us all he had observed from a tree commanding a full view of the gay company at its foot; but our subsequent proceedings terminated in a complete failure, owing to a fit of boisterous sneezing with which Hunt was seized, just as seven of us had concealed ourselves in the branches of the several trees under which the unsuspecting party was peacefully indulging in luxuries towards which we were attracted with the force of magnetic influence.

It was our object to imitate, as closely as possible, the chattering and moaning of monkeys, dropping stones at the same time; this, we flattered ourselves, would cause such consternation amongst them as to compel them to have recourse to an immediate flight; but, as I have stated before, we were baffled in our project by Hunt, who sneezed away most vigorously at the very moment when, at a preconcerted signal, we were to commence operations.

Unnoticed, we descended from the trees, and, joining our friends in good order, beat a hasty retreat, leaving poor Hunt to his fate.

It was not long before his hiding place was discovered, and he obliged to descend.

His capture was effected without a blow being struck, for Hunt, seeing the odds against him, was prudent enough to put a good face on the matter which he did by telling his captors that it was his intention to give them an agreeable surprise. On being asked the nature of the treat, he replied that he intended to sing from his lofty position in the

tree, a popular Malay melody, but was unfortunately frustrated in his design by a sudden attack on his olfactory nerves.

"The Malay song by all means," shouted the whole party in a burst of delight, and having seated themselves on the grass, in the form of a ring, placed Hunt in the centre: clearing his throat, he sang the following:—

*'BOXECE MALAY GHIYO.'*

At its close the excursionists were loud in their applause, and, as a token of their approval, filled out half a tumbler of champagne which Hunt quaffed with intense satisfaction.

Desirous of still further obliging the company whom he found provided with good things, he asked them if they'd like to hear another specimen of Malay music which he thought infinitely superior to the one he had just sung. On their answering in the affirmative, he prepared himself for the task by a couple of *coughs* and *ahems*, and then entranced his auditors by a song which he asserted was the very essence of music, whether Occidental or Oriental.

The song was,

*'ICKAN, ICKAN.'*

Prolonged cheers and bursts of genuine approval when he had finished convinced him that his second song was better appreciated than the first.

The delighted audience would treat him to an-

other glass of the generous wine, but he declined the favor, requesting only his liberty: this they would not grant till he had made a speech. He replied, that as he was not just then in the humour for speechifying, he would recite a piece of poetry instead.

“Let it be an amusing piece, then,” said they.

“By all means,” replied Hunt.

He then recited:—

### THE TWO STAMMERERS.

IN a small quiet country town,  
Lived Hob, a blunt but honest clown;  
Who, spite of all the school could teach,  
From habit stammer'd in his speech;  
And second nature soon, we're sure,  
Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.  
Ask him to say hot rolls and butter,  
A “hag-a-gag” and “splitter-splutter,”  
Stopp'd every word he strove to utter.

It happen'd once upon a time—  
I word it thus to suit my rhyme,  
For all our country neighbours know  
It can't be twenty years ago—  
Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,  
Was busy delving at his dyke;  
Which, let me not forget to say,  
Stood close behind a public way,  
And, as he lean'd upon his spade,  
Reviewing o'er the work he'd made,  
A youth, a stranger in that place,  
Stood right before him, face to face—  
“P-p-p-p-pray,” says he,  
“How f-f-f-far may't be  
To-to”—the words would not come out—  
“To-to Boroughbridge, or thereabout?”  
Our clown took huff, thrice hemm'd upon't,  
Then smelt a kind of an affront.

Thought he, "This bluff fool-hardy fellow,  
A little crack'd perhaps, or mellow,  
Knowing my tongue an inch too short,  
Is come to jeer and make his sport;  
Wauns! if I thought he meant to quarrel,  
I'd hoop the rascal's roynish barrel!  
If me he means or dares deride,  
By all that's good I'll tan his hide!  
I'll dress his vile calf's skin in buff,  
And thresh it tender where 'tis tough."

Thus, full resolved, he stood aloof,  
And waited mute for further proof;  
While t'other, in a kind of pain,  
Applied him to his tongue again:—  
"Speak, friend, c-c-c-c-can you, pray,  
Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way?  
Nay, sp-e-ak!—I'll smoke thy bacon!  
You have a t-tongue, or I'm mistaken!"

"Yes, that, th-that I-I-I have,  
But not for y-y-you, you knave!"  
"What?" cried the stranger, "wh-wh-what!  
D'ye mock me? t-take you that!"  
"Huh! mock me!" quoth Hob, amain,  
"So t-t-take you that again!"  
Then to 't they fell, in furious plight,  
While each one thought himself in th' right;  
And, if you dare believe my song,  
They likewise thought each other wrong.  
The battle o'er, and somewhat cool,  
Each half suspects himself a fool;  
For when to choler folks incline 'em,  
Your *argumentum baculinum*,  
Administer'd in dose terrific,  
Was ever held a grand specific!

Each word the combatants now utter'd  
Conviction brought that both dolts stutter'd,  
Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought  
He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—  
Would anger deign to sign a truce

Till reason could discover truly  
Why this mad madam were unruly,  
So well she would explain their words,  
Men little use would find for swords.

Roars of laughter followed this recital, which the company declared was about the very best they had heard for many a day. Taking advantage of the joyous excitement, Hunt reiterated his request which they freely accorded after having compelled him to drain another glass of *Clicquot*.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

HUNT ASTONISHES US EXCEEDINGLY AND EXCITES OUR COMPASSION. POLITICS ARE FREELY DISCUSSED. AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE MAKES HIS *DEBUT*. A NEIGHBOURING MALAY PRINCE MAKES AN ATTEMPT AT ENGLISH COMIC SINGING.

Making use of his freedom, he ran with amazing celerity, forming a serpentine line as he progressed, plainly proving the champagne to have been of the right sort.

Plunging headlong through the thickly-wooded glen, he ultimately succeeded in reaching the spot where he had concealed his swallow-tail coat, white choker, and dress-trowsers.

Having altered his attire, he joined us as we were returning from our ramble.

I never saw a more sorry-looking figure as Hunt, at that moment, presented : obliged to cross



a terraqueous passage in order to effect a junction with the main body, he slipped (it's not surprising) and toppled over on his face: picking himself up with some difficulty, he manfully renewed the attempt, but unfortunately fell on his back, this time besmearing his beautiful dress-suit in the most pitiful manner imaginable, and in this plight presented himself before us.

Surprise (at seeing him so suddenly in evening dress) and pity (for the deplorable condition in which he joined us) paralyzed us, as it were, for a moment, but recovering ourselves, we immediately set about rendering him the same service which we, under similar circumstances, would have been only too glad to have secured for ourselves.

Having reduced him to a state of tolerable cleanliness, we continued our walk to our quarters close by Hogan's Basin, and there sat down to rest ourselves.

Exhausted and fatigued we soon stretched our weary limbs on the grass, and all save myself were speedily settled in the land of dreams.

Whilst thus left to my own reflections, I took a retrospective view of the day's excitement, and came to the conclusion that all was not yet over, but that something serious would happen before we returned to our respective domiciles.

It was now six o'clock, and feeling the necessity of a dinner, I awoke my prostrate friends after an hour's sound slumber, telling them that it was high

time we should dine. We accordingly left our encampment extremely regretful that the day had declined so rapidly, and proceeded to the hotel, where a good dinner was in store for us.

Having bathed for the third time that day, we sat down at 7 P. M. to a most sumptuous banquet which we rendered surprisingly appetizing by a glass of sherry and bitters, which did the office of *avant courier* to the several courses, served up *à la Française*.

During dinner, the conversation was confined principally to European politics, France and Prussia, in connection with the Luxemburg question, bearing off the lion's share.

Dreading lest the dispute of the previous evening, in which I was called upon to arbitrate, but which I ingeniously postponed till after the picnic,—fearing, I say, that this question would be brought on the *tapis* again,—I exerted all my oratorical abilities in rivetting the attention of the company to the subject broached at the commencement of dinner, and to my great satisfaction succeeded.

In the course of my disquisition on the probable chances of a collision between France and Prussia, I remember to have given utterance to a few words simple in themselves, but, as the course of events has shewn, strikingly prophetic.

To the best of my recollection, this is what I affirmed as the peroration to my previous statement:—

“Metz is considered one of the first class frontier fortresses in the north of France, yet it appears to be very much exposed to a bombardment from the heights on the other side of the river Moselle. On one of these the Emperor Charles the Fifth is said to have placed a battery, to play upon the town before he was obliged to raise the siege. It seems difficult to conceive how the clumsy artillery of those days could have been formidable at so great a distance, apparently about two miles, but the case would be very different now.”

I continued :—

“Should the stream of German invasion again ascend the Moselle to pass into Gaul, it is not at all likely to be stopped by such dams as Thionville or Metz for any length of time, but they are doubtless sufficient to resist any sudden attack, and would give the French government time to mass troops on the frontier, which is the main point now-a-days. When war with Prussia was canvassed before the recent settlement of the Luxemburg question, it was confidently asserted, that in two days, by means of the Eastern of France, and the lines running into it, one hundred thousand men could easily have been massed within and about the walls of Metz. If this be true, fortifications need not be absolutely impregnable to be of great value, when a campaign of a few days—witness that of Sadowa—may decide the fate of an Empire or a Kingdom.”

This harangue, over which I grew excited as I progressed, being fully impressed with the importance of the subject, was the signal for a general debate in which the political attitude of France towards Germany and *vice versa* was discussed with no little warmth.

At one period of—what I intended to be a confabulation, but which unfortunately proved—a heated dispute, Arthur Dawson and Dick Waluut—whose opinions on State matters rarely coincided—stood up gesticulating most frantically, and made use of language calculated to create a serious breach of the peace between them, which must have terminated in a hand-to-hand scuffle, had not Mr. J. Rodgers, popularly known by the familiar agnomen of ‘Uncle Joe,’ made his appearance in the doorway, struggling to preserve his equilibrium by laying hold of the back of a chair conveniently at hand.

Poor old Uncle Joe dearly loved a glass, for, to use his own words, “It cheered the cockles of his heart.”

On his entrance, order and friendship were restored as if by magic, and rising up we advanced *en masse* to the spot where he stood, and bade him welcome.

Uncle Joe was a favourite with everybody, diffusing, wherever he went, a spirit of mirth and jollity. The present occasion was no exception to the rule.

Seating himself in a chair he said :—

“Well boys, you’re enjoying yourselves I see : quite right. Why shouldn’t you ? Prince of Wales’ birthday, eh ? Its a jolly good day this for getting tight : isn’t it ? I’ve just come from Ho Ge Sew’s hotel, where I saw the L. G. fully screwed, singing ‘Billy Barlow.’ The C. S. attempted to join the chorus, but roared out the ‘Dead march in Saul’ : ’twas a perfect failure. In disgust I left just as the Rajah of Q. was making an effort to sing the ‘Ratcatcher’s Daughter.’

Here catching sight of a bowl of whiskey-punch, which at that moment was laid on the table, he instantly brightened up and said that as he was a connoisseur in wines of every description, he’d be glad to give his opinion of the punch.

Taking the hint, which was certainly a very broad one—bravo Uncle Joe!—Piddington filled out a rummer which he offered to him.

The effect of the punch on good old Uncle Joe was marvellous ; he became communicative to a degree bordering on insane loquacity.

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## CHAPTER IX.

UNCLE JOE ENLIVENS THE COMPANY, AND SETS AN EXAMPLE WHICH WE ARE NOT SLOW TO FOLLOW. FRANK SIMPSON DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF BY ACTING THE MIMIC. LONG LIVE THE BENGALLEE BABOO!

This change for the better we were glad to observe, as the venerable octogenarian was possessed of an inexhaustible stock of comic and amusing anecdotes several of which he related at our request.

As they were remarkable for their brevity, I'll venture to reproduce the one which completely took my fancy.

On a fine summer's evening (Uncle Joe said) an Irishman and an Englishman met by accident in St. Paul's Churchyard, whereupon the following colloquy ensued:—"I say Pat," said the Englishman, "let's see which of us can tell the biggest lie." "Well, then," said Pat, "since you have made the proposal, it's only fair that you should begin." "With all my heart," rejoined the Englishman. Then, looking up at the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, he said: "Why Pat, I see a mosquito in the ball on the summit of the dome." "Do you, indeed," said Pat, looking upwards doubtingly. "By St. Patrick, yes," he continued, "ah! but I see it *winking*."—The Englishman was honest enough to own his defeat.

At the close of this anecdote, and after repeated thumpings which made the glasses jingle most



melodiously on the festive board, Piddington rose, and in a most complimentary little speech proposed "Uncle Joe's very good health," which we drank, standing.

Highly flattered at the compliment paid him, he in a few not inappropriate words returned thanks, after which he became uncommonly convivial. I never saw him such good company. He made his face shine again with the punch, so that it looked as if it had been varnished all over. He got cheerfully sentimental about picnics in general, and solemnly averred that, without them, life would be totally insupportable, crowning his statement by a liberal potation of the good stuff.

As the punch in his glass disappeared, his spirits rose in proportion, and having voluntarily proposed to sing us a comic song, to which we didn't in the slightest degree object, he sang the following to the air of a 'Good old English Gentleman.'

### A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Oh ! the world is strangely altered since a hundred years ago, [*faut,*  
For then top-boots and broad-brimmed hats were thought quite *comme il*  
But now if you would do the *Swell* and not be deemed a flat,  
In peg-tops you must case your legs and wear a pork-pie hat.  
*Chorus.*—Which they did not in the good old times a hundred years ago.

The Ladies' dresses then allowed their ankles to be seen ;  
But now stuck out, they sweep the ground with yards of crinoline,  
Which in Winter catches all the mud, in Summer all the flies,  
And naughty little boys exclaim—Good gracious ! oh ! what guys.  
*Chorus.*—Which they did not in the good old times a hundred years ago.



Folks travelled then in gigs and carts, or else in a post-chaise  
 For there were then no *trains* on *trams*, nor yet upon Railways ;  
 But we now have ocean steamers, defying wind and tide,  
 Which cross th' Atlantic, land you on the *Disunited* side.

*Chorus.*—Which they had not in the good old times a hundred years ago.

Americans united not a hundred years ago,  
 Were able to give Father John a real knock-down blow ;  
 But now the case is altered, dear me ! oh ! how very sad ;  
 For at *Bulls-Run*, they did not fight but ran away like mad.

*Chorus.*—Which they did not in the good old times a hundred years ago.

Yes ! those were days when you could get a glass of genuine  
 Port, Sherry, or Madeira, or any other wine,  
 But now, what with lees and logwood and Cobden's French Treaty  
 Your wine is either sour Medoc or burning *Eau de Vie*.

*Chorus.*—Which it was not in the good old times a hundred years ago.

Your tea was then expensive, ten shillings for a pound.  
 But sloes and gypsum with the leaf, as now, could not be found :  
 And coffee came from famed Ceylon which was a first-rate article,  
 Of calcined bones and chicory you could not find a particle. [ago.

*Chorus.*—For they had not learned such roguish tricks a hundred years

The traveller by coach could then of beer obtain a glass,  
 Though Burton-upon-Trent had not an 'Allsop' or a 'Bass.'  
 The liquor was compounded then of purest malt and hops,  
 And not of *quasia-canonile*, or any other slops.

*Chorus.*—For October ale was not unknown a hundred years ago.

Of wheaten flour the baker then manipulated bread ;  
 Now alum, daff, and potatoes he substitutes instead :  
 And if unto the chemist when in pain you seek relief  
 Adulterated drugs mayhap, will but increase your grief.

*Chorus.*—They "threw physic to the dogs" I think, a hundred years ago.

'Tis just a hundred years ago to reign King George began  
 And was succeeded by his son, a *rayther* fast young man,  
 But over that immoral court, we wish to draw a screen,  
 And point to the example set by our beloved Queen. [ago.

*Chorus.*—Which they could not in the good old times a hundred years

At the conclusion of this song—no doubt well selected, sung as it was by a man whose age was a little short of a century—Hunt suggested that each of us should sing a comic song for the amusement of the rest.

Frank Simpson was of the same opinion, and volunteered to take the lead: this being assented to by all, he sang that masterly production of the inimitable Dave Carson, '*The Bengalee Baboo*,' which he remembered to have heard sung by the author himself in the Town-Hall of Calcutta, when there as one of the *alumni* of the Bengal Academy.

Having drained his glass of punch, he sang, with all the success of a perfect mimic, the following:—

### THE BENGALLEE BABOO.

I one very good *Bengalee Baboo*, in Calcutta I long time is-top  
My name *Ram-Tunda-Ghose-Hurish-Chunder-Mullick*, in *Radha Bazar*<sup>1</sup> I keep it shop,

I very good *Hindoo*, smoke my *hooka*,<sup>2</sup> eat my *dall-bawt*<sup>3</sup> every day  
Night come, I make plenty *poojah*,<sup>4</sup> hear *nautch-walla*<sup>5</sup> on the *tom-tom*<sup>6</sup>  
play. [ the waves,

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie*,<sup>7</sup> good time coming, sing Britannia rules  
Jolly good fellow go home in the morning, *Baboo* how he can make slaves.

*Sub-Sahib-logue*<sup>8</sup> come my shop, look now<sup>9</sup> very good things got you  
shall see;

Not money want it, give long credit, then *Sahib*<sup>8</sup> pay me plenty rupee:

1 bazaar.

2 hobble-hobble.

3 dall and rice.

4 prayer.

5 Indian dancing-girls.

6 Hindoostani drum.

7 never mind.

8 all gentlemen.

9 master.

Come inside, I very poor man *Sahib*, something buy from me I pray,  
*Bito*,<sup>10</sup> I tell what things got now, I sell you very cheap to-day.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

I got pens, *Belatee-saboon*,<sup>11</sup> overland paper, hair-pins too, [true.  
 Pencil got, and very good watch-guard, pocket-knife (Rogers') I speak  
 Macassar oil, and very good key-ring, *sola topee*<sup>12</sup> one rupee :  
 Cashmere shawl, second-hand portmanteau, guava jelly and Assam tea.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

I make very fine shirt for you *Sahib*, *nillen*<sup>13</sup> front see proper fit,  
 Ten rupees each, cotton very dear *Sahib*, one rupee buy very small bit,  
 Coat and trousers I give too now, you send pattern I very well make,  
 Better than *Belatee-durzee*,<sup>14</sup> I how can make one mistake.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

By-and-by make very long journey, cross *kalla-pawney*<sup>15</sup> I can go,  
 In *Belatee* country travel plenty, there I make one very big show :  
 Ev'ry body give nice presents, read big books, then long time think,  
 Little time make good Civil Servant, eat beef-steak and *simplkin*<sup>16</sup> drink.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

I then come back to Calcutta, not keep shop how then can do ? [ *doo.*"  
 Cyclone relief give five rupees, then ev'ry body say—"what kind *Hin-*  
*nam Gopal Ghose* give me lesson, all day long in chair I sit,  
 Keep nice carriage, get Member of Council, Star of India then must get.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

Last week I get invitation, first class ball must go and see,  
 I then on me put very best *cuprah*,<sup>17</sup> ev'ry body look at me :  
 Plenty lights, very good *tamasha*,<sup>18</sup> all night long make music play ;  
 Smoke cigars, drink plenty *simplkin*, not go home till break-of-day.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

*Sahib* then say, "Come *Baboo*, dance, now very fine gallop this for you."  
 I say, "No, excuse me Sir, that *bobry*<sup>19</sup> for me cannot do,

10 sit down.

11 English soap.

12 sola bat.

13 linen.

14 English tailor.

15 the sea.

16 champagne.

17 clothes.

18 fun.

19 noise or nonsense.

S'pose I want dance, hire *nautch-wallas* give few rupees then plenty get.  
I think gentlemen must be mad, make nonsense jump up'n down like that.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

Then *Sahib* say, "*Baboo* take supper," I say, yes of course must do,  
Young Bengal must have his *khannah*,<sup>20</sup> eat mutton-chop and Irish is-tew,

Ev'ry *Sahib*. he then turn waiter, hand round plate in foolish manner :  
I say, *ahra*<sup>21</sup> ! you got *kidmutgar*,<sup>22</sup> why not make him bring the *khannah*.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

Ev'ry *Sahib* then wait on lady, of course I cannot do less,  
Then I upset two, three custard, spoil one lady's new silk dress.  
*Mem-Sahib*<sup>23</sup> then get very *goosa*,<sup>24</sup> tell me, "Quick *jow*<sup>25</sup> leave this place,"

Call'd me then one stupid *gudda*,<sup>26</sup> mustard pot throw in my face.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

When *Mem-Sahib* see I first-class *Baboo*, she say, "Excuse, I make mistake."  
[I make.]

Then *Sahib* say, "Come *Baboo*, drink, now very good punch for you  
Then we all sat down together, make sing-song till day-light come,  
Take plenty pegs, get little *mutwallah*,<sup>27</sup> then in *palkee*<sup>28</sup> must go home.

Chorus.—*Kootch-per-wannie, &c.*

Simpson was frequently interrupted whilst singing the above by bursts of laughter and clapping of hands which we really could not help, many of us not having heard the song before. We found it so amusing that we *encored* it, Simpson gratifying our wish by a repetition.

20 dinner.

21 what !!

22 waiter.

23 lady.

24 angry.

25 go away.

26 donkey.

27 drunk.

28 palaukeer.

We then, in the following order, sang our respective songs :—

Piddington,—‘The tin-pot band.’

Hunt,———‘Pretty Jemima, don’t say no.’

Harcourt,———‘Act on the square, Boys.’

Dawson,———‘The Frenchman’s tabby tom-cat.’

Walnut,———‘Gin a body kiss a body, need a body cry?’

Harrington,—‘The devil among the tailors.’

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## CHAPTER X.

THE MOST LENGTHY AND IMPORTANT CHAPTER IN THE BOOK, MAINLY INTENDED FOR THE PERUSAL OF LADIES. GENTLEMAN ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO IMPOSE A *VOLUNTARY* ACT OF MORTIFICATION UPON THEMSELVES BY ABSTAINING FROM READING IT: ANY DISREGARD FOR THIS FRIENDLY ADVICE MAY BE—MOST ASSUREDLY WILL BE—ATTENDED WITH VERY SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES FOR WHICH, THE WRITER DISTINCTLY ASSERTS, HE DOES NOT HOLD HIMSELF AMENABLE.

When Montgomery was called upon to contribute his quota to the common fund of amusement, he excused himself on the plea that he was hoarse just then, and could not therefore possibly sing; but that, the company willing, he would make up for his inability in that respect by discoursing

upon any subject we thought proper to propound to him.

This we considered a very fair proposal indeed, and gladly accepted it.

The next thing to be done was to select a suitable theme on which Montgomery—who was apparently seized by a sudden fit of *cacoethes loquendi*—was to expatiate to our satisfaction; but this proved to be no easy task, as each of us was desirous of the honour.

In this dilemma we appealed to Uncle Joe.

Cogitating for a moment, he ruled that we should draw lots; this we accordingly did, Frank Simpson proving to be the fortunate one.

Addressing Montgomery with all the formality he thought fit to assume, he said:—

“In accordance with your own suggestion, young man, I shall propose a question, the solution of which will tax your literary attainments to an extraordinary degree, considering that many a wiser head than either yours or mine, gave up in despair, what had occupied their intellectual faculties for years and years together. To my certain knowledge—ahem!—the difficulty of the task proved an insuperable barrier—ahem! ahem!!—to a satisfactory explanation of this nettlesome and precarious subject, the perplexing intricacies of which, till the present day, remain unravelled; or, to use—ahem! ahem!!—a university expression, “lies in *statu quo*,” ahem! ahem!! ahem!!!—Without further preamble,

I proceed to the point direct, and propound to you that you may expound to us the supremely provoking difficulty of the question

WHAT ARE WOMEN MADE OF ?

“Mr. Cecil Montgomery,” Frank Simpson Esquire resumed with all the gravity of an acidulated syndic, “I will not conceal from you the fact that this question is a problematic theorem, involved in painful obscurity, which the *savants* of every age, nation, and clime, vainly endeavoured to penetrate, relinquishing it in the end as a hopeless task, only to be laid either in an untimely grave or confined to the narrow limits of a—I shudder to say it—*lunatic asylum*.”

“Goodness ! gracious !!” ejaculated Uncle Joe.

“And to what fatality,” continued Simpson with energy turning to us, “are we to attribute these unfortunate and lugubrious terminations of lives, which otherwise might have been of boundless utility to the literary and scientific world ? I reply —the attempt to render a satisfactory answer to the important question which Mr. Cecil Montgomery has pledged himself to elucidate. Now, young man, tell us what women are made of. I’m afraid you’ll find it a rather ticklish job : however, take courage my lad (patting him most patronizingly on the head) and keep up to your engagement like a man, by making an effort, if you can do nothing better.

As soon as Simpson proposed the question, Montgo-



mery was observed to smile most confidently, which gave us hopes that he would succeed in acquitting himself of his self-imposed task, the execution of which was represented by Simpson as an utter impossibility.

The fact is, Montgomery—he afterwards told me so himself—had seen in a certain weekly magazine, the name of which he didn't rightly remember, but fancied it was the '*Young Ladies' Journal*,' the very same subject treated of in a most masterly manner by Sir Baring Gould, and read it twice over. His memory, which was an amazingly retentive one, easily retained what he had, in 1867, read so attentively.

Turning this to account, he collected his thoughts for a few moments, and launched forth into a sublime treatment of the enquiry—

#### WHAT ARE WOMEN MADE OF?

For the benefit and information of those who had not the good fortune to be present on that occasion, I will give *in extenso* and *verbatim et literatim* the magnificent disquisition by which he so triumphantly solved the difficult question.

It may be justly considered a masterpiece of rhetorical eloquence, in consideration of which I sincerely trust and confidently hope that the beautiful and accomplished ladies of Penang will be lenient and indulgent, pardoning me my temerity in committing to print what must inevitably cause them to make *wry* and *awry* faces.

## WHAT ARE WOMEN MADE OF?

IN the palmy days of childhood we were taught in nursery jingle, and implicitly believed, that little girls were made of

Sugar and spice  
And all that's nice ;

but growing older we learned, to our disappointment, that they were produced from Adam's rib ; and when we asked why woman was made of that particular bone, we were told—because it was the most crooked in Adam's body.

“Observe the result,” preached Jean Raulin, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, “man, composed of clay, is silent and ponderous ; but woman gives evidence of her osseous origin by the eternal rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and it makes no noise ; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened with the clitter-clatter.”

This observation did not fall to the ground ; it was repeated by Gratian de Drusac in his ‘Controversies des Sexes Masculin et Feminin,’ 1538. The learned in mediæval times did not spare woman. Jean Nevisan, professor of law at Turin, who died in 1540, is harder still on them in his ‘Sylva Nuptialis.’ Therein he audaciously asserts that woman was formed by the author of Good till the head had to be made, and *that* was the production of the great enemy of mankind—“permisit Deus illud facere dæmonio.”

The Rabbis are equally unsparing. They assert that when Eve had to be drawn from the side of Adam, she was not extracted by the head, lest she should be vain ; nor by the mouth, lest she should be given to tittle-tattle ; nor by the eyes, lest she should be wanton ; nor by the ears, lest she should be inquisitive ; nor by the hands, lest she should be meddlesome ; nor by the feet, lest she should be a gad-

about; nor by the heart, lest she should be jealous; but she was drawn forth by the side; yet, notwithstanding these precautions, she has every fault specially guarded against, because, being extracted sideways, she became perverse.

Another Rabbinical gloss on the text of Moses asserts that Adam was created double; that he and Eve were made back to back, united at the shoulders, and that they were severed with a hatchet. Eugubinus says that their bodies were united at the side.

Antoinette Bourignon, that extraordinary mystic of the seventeenth century, had some strange visions of the primeval man, and birth of Eve. The body of Adam, she says, was more pure, translucent, and transparent than crystal; light and buoyant as air. In it were vessels and streams of light which entered and exuded through the pores. The vessels were charged with liquors of various colours of intense brilliancy and transparency; some of these fluids were water, milk, wine, fire, &c. Every motion of Adam's body produced ineffable harmonies. Every creature obeyed him; nothing could resist or injure him. He was taller than men of this time; his hair was short, curled, and approaching to black. He had a little down on his lower lip. In his stomach was a clear fluid, like water in a crystal bowl, in which tiny eggs developed themselves, like bubbles in wine, as he glowed with the ardour of divine charity; and when he strongly desired that others should unite with him in the work of praise, he deposited one of these eggs, which hatched, and from it emerged his consort, Eve.

The inhabitants of Madagascar have a strange myth touching the origin of woman. They say that the first man was created of the dust from the earth, and was placed in a garden, where he was subject to none of the ills which now afflict mortality: he was also free from all bodily appetites

and, though surrounded by delicious fruits of every description and limpid streams, yet felt no desire to taste of the fruit or quaff the water. The Creator had, moreover, strictly forbidden him either to eat or drink. The great enemy, however, came to him, and painted in glowing colours the sweetness of the apple, the lusciousness of the date, and the succulence of the orange. In vain the first man remembered the command laid upon him by his Maker. Then the fiend assumed the appearance of an effulgent spirit, and pretended to be a messenger from heaven, commanding him to eat and drink. The man at once obeyed. Shortly after a pimple appeared on his leg; the spot enlarged into a tumour, which increased in size and caused him considerable annoyance. At the end of six months it burst and there emerged from the limb a beautiful girl. The father of all living turned her this way and that way, sorely perplexed and uncertain whether to pitch her into the water or give her to the pigs, when a heavenly messenger appeared, and told him to let her run about in the garden till she was of a marriageable age, and then to take her to himself as a wife. He obeyed. He called her Bahouna, and she became the mother of all races of men.

There seems to be some uncertainty as to the size of our great mother. The French Orientalist, Henrion, member of the Academy, fixed it with a precision satisfactory at least to himself. He gives the following table of the relative heights of several eminent historical personages:—

Adam	was	precisely	123	feet	9	inches	high.
Eve	"		118	"	9	75	"
Noah	"		103	"			"
Abraham	"		27	"			"
Moses	"		13	"			"
Hercules	"		10	"			"
Alexander	"		6	"			"
Julius Cæsar	"		5	"			"

It is interesting to have the height of Eve to the decimal of an inch. It must, however, be stated that the measures of the traditional tomb of Eve at Jeddah give her a much greater stature.

"On entering the great gate of the cemetery," says the French Consul at Abyssinia, in 1841, "one observes on the left a little wall, three feet high, forming a square of from ten to twelve feet: there lies the head of our first mother. In the middle of the cemetery is a sort of cupola, where reposes the middle of her body; and at the other extremity, near the door of egress, is another little wall, also three feet high, forming a lozenge-shaped enclosure, there are her feet. In this place is a large piece of cloth, whereon the faithful deposit their offerings, which serve for the maintenance of a constant burning of perfumes over the midst of her body. The distance between her head and feet is 400 feet. How we have shrunk since the creation!"

But to return to the substance of which woman is made. This is a point on which the various cosmogonies of nations widely differ. Probably the discoverers of these cosmogonies were men, for they seldom give to woman a very distinguished origin. But then the poets make it up to her Nature,—the singer of the land of cakes tells us,—

Her 'prentice han'  
First tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, oh!

Guillaume de Salluste du Bastas composed a lengthy poem on the creation, in which he does ample justice to the ladies. His poem was translated into Latin by Dumonin: and into German, Spanish, Italian, and English.

A specimen will suffice:—

The mother of mortals in herself doth combine  
The charms of an Adam, and graces all Divine.

Her tint his surpasses, her brow is more fair,  
 Her eye twinkles brighter, more lustrous her hair;  
 Far sweeter her utterance, her chin is quite smooth,  
 • Dream of Beauty incarnate, a lover and a love!

Our own Milton has done poor Eve, justice in lines which need not quotation.

Pygmalion, says the classic story, which is really a Phœnician myth of creation, made a woman of marble or ivory, and Aphrodite, in answer to his prayers, endowed the statue with life. I do not believe it. No woman was ever marble. She may, at times, seem hard and cold, but she only requires a sturdy male voice to bid her

Descend, be stone no more!

to show that the marble appearance was put on, and that she is, ever was, and always will be, genuine palpitating flesh and blood.

Hesiod gives a widely different account of the creation of woman. According to him she was sent in mockery by Zeus to be a scourge to man :—

The sire who rules the earth and sways the pole  
 Had spoken; laughter filled his secret soul,  
 He bade the crippled god his best obey,  
 And mould with tempering water plastic clay;  
 With human nerve and human voice invest,  
 The limbs elastic, and the breathing breast;  
 Fair as the blooming goddesses above,  
 A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.  
 He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds  
 A thousand colours in the gliding threads;  
 He called the magic of love's golden queen  
 To breathe around a witchery of mien,  
 And eager passion's never-sated flame,  
 And cares of dress that prey upon the frame;  
 Bade Hermes last endue, with craft refined  
 Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind."

If such was the Greek theory of the creation of woman, it speaks ill for the Greek men; for woman is ever what man



makes her. If he chooses her to be giddy, light, and crafty, giddy, light, and crafty will she become; but if he demands of her to be what God made her, modest, thrifty, and tender, such she will ever prove. This our grand old northern forefathers knew, and they made her creation a sacred matter, and fashioned her from a nobler stock than man. He was of the ash, she of the elm; they called the first woman Embla or Æmla, which means a laborious female. One day as the sons of Bør were walking along the sea-beach, they found two stems of wood, out of which they shaped a man and a woman. The first, Odip, infused into them life and spirit; the second, Vili, endowed them with reason, and the power of motion; the third, Ve, gave them speech and features, hearing and vision. This reminds one of the ancient Iranian of Ahoura Mazda creating the first pair, Meschia and Meschiane from the Beivas tree. But the Scandanavians also spoke of three primeval mothers, Edda (great-grandmother), Amma (grandmother), and Mother, from whom sprung the three classes of thrall, churl, and earl. It is noticeable that these three primeval women are represented as good housewives in the venerable Rigsmal which describes the wanderings of the god Heimdal under the name of Rig. The deity comes to the hut of Edda and at once

From the ashes she took a loaf,  
Heavy and thick with bran mixed;  
More besides she laid upon the board;  
There is set a bowl of broth on the table;  
There is a calf boiled and cakes the best.

Then he goes to the house of Amma the wife Afi.

Afi's wife sat plying her rock  
With outspread arms, busked to weave.  
A hood on her head, a sark over her breast.  
A kerchief round her neck, and studs on her shoulders.



He next enters the hall of Mother.

The housewife looked on her arms,  
Smoothed her veil, and fastened her sleeves  
Her head-gear adjusted. A clasp was on her bosom,  
Her robe was ample, her sark blue ;  
Brighter her brow, fairer her breast,  
Whiter her neck than purest snow-drift.  
She took, did mother, a figured cloth  
Of white linen, and the table decked.  
She then took cakes of snow-white wheat,  
On the table them she laid.  
She set forth salvers, with silver adorned,  
Full of game, and pork, and roasted birds  
In a can was wine, the cups were costly.

Not a word of disparagement of woman is found in these oldcosmic lays. The sturdy Northerner knew her value, and he respected her, whilst the frivolous Greek despised her as a toy.

The Provencal troubadours caught the classic misappreciation of woman. Massilia was a Greek colony, and Greek manners, tastes, and habits of thought prevailed for long in the south-east of France. They idolized her as an idol puppet, but they knew not how to commend and, by commending, develope in her, those qualities which lie ready to germinate when called for by man—devotion, self-sacrifice, patience, gentleness, and those homely yet inestimable treasures, the domestic virtues.

Pierre de Saint Cloud, in the opening of his poems on Renard, has his fling at poor Eve. He says that Adam was possessed of a magic-rod with which he could create animals at pleasure by simply striking the earth with it. One day he smote the ground, and there sprang forth the lamb ; Eve snatched the rod and did as he had done, forthwith there bounded forth the wolf which rent the creation of Adam. He struck, and the domestic fowls came forth ;

Eve did likewise, and gave being to the fox. He made the cattle, she the tiger: he the dog, she the jackal.

Turning to America, we encounter a host of myths relative to the first mother. The sacred book of the Quiches tells us of the gods Gucumatz, Tepuh, and Cuz-cah making man of earth; but when the rain came on, he dissolved into mud. Then they made man and woman of wood, but the beings so made were too thick-headed to praise and sacrifice, wherefore they destroyed them with a flood; those who escaped up tall trees remain to this day, and are commonly called monkeys. The three gods, having thus failed, consulted the Great White Boar and the Great White Porcupine, and with their assistance made man and woman of white and red maize. Men show by their headstrong character that the mighty Boar had a finger in their creation; but women by their fretfulness indicate the great Porcupine as having had the making of them.

The Minnatarees have a story that the first woman was made of such rich and fatty soil that she became a miracle of prolificness: she came out of the earth on the first day of the moon of buffaloes, and ere it waned she had a child at her breast. Every month she presented her husband with a son or a daughter, and these children were equally fertile with their mother. This was rather sharp work; and the Great Spirit, seeing that the world would be peopled in no time at this rate, killed the first parents, and diminished the productiveness of their children.

The Nanticokes relate that their great ancestor was without a wife, and he wandered over the face of the earth in search of one; at length the King of the Musk-rats offered him his daughter, assuring him that she would make the best wife in the world, as she could keep a house tidy, and was very shrewd and neat in her person. The

Nanticoke hesitated to accept the obliging offer, alleging that the wife was so very small and had four legs. The Micabou of the Musk-rats now appeared and undertook to remedy this defect. "Man of the Nanticokes," said the spirit, "rise, take thy bride, and lead her to the edge of the lake; bid her dip her feet in the water, whilst thou standing over her, shalt pronounce these words:—

"For the last time as musk-rat,  
"For the first time as woman.  
"Go in beast, come out human!"

The spirit's directions were obeyed to the letter. The Nanticoke took his glossy little maiden musk-rat by the paw, led her to the border of the lake, and, whilst she dipped her feet in the water, he used the appointed formulary, thereupon a change took place in the little animal. Her body was observed to assume the posture of a human being, gradually erecting itself as a sapling, which, having been bent to earth, resumes its upright position. When the little creature became erect, the skin began to fall from off the head and neck and gradually unveiling the body, exhibited a maiden beautiful as a flowery mead, or the blue summer sky, or the north lit up with the flush of the dancing lights, or the rainbow which follows the fertilising shower. Her hand was scarce larger than a hazel leaf, and her foot not longer than that of the ring-dove. Her arm was so slight that it seemed as though the breeze must break it. The Nanticoke gazed with delight on his beautiful bride, and his gratification was enhanced when he saw her stature increase to the proportions of a human being.

Other American Indian tribes assert that the Great Spirit, moved with compassion for man, who wasted in solitude on earth, sent a heavenly spirit to be his companion

and the mother of his children. And I believe they are about right. But the Kickapoos tell a very different tale.

There was a time throughout the great world, say they, when neither on land, nor in the water was there a woman to be found. Vain things there were plenty—there was the turkey and the blue-jay, the wood-duck and the wakon-bird; and noisy, chattering creatures there were plenty—there was the jackdaw, the magpie, and the rook; and gad-about women, there were none. It was quite a still world to what it is now, and it was a peaceable world too. Men were in plenty, made of clay and sun-dried, and they were then so happy, oh! so happy. Wars were none then, quarrels were none. The Kickapoos ate their venison with the Potowatomies, hunted the otter with the Osages, and the beaver with the Hurons. Then the great fathers of the Kickapoos scratched the backs of the savage Iroquois, and the truculent Iroquois returned the compliment. Tribes which now seek one another's scalps, then sat smiling benevolently in each other's faces, smoking the never-laid-aside calumet of peace.

These first men were not quite like the men now, for they had tails. Very handsome tails they were, covered with long silky hair; very convenient were these appendages in a country where flies were numerous and troublesome, tails being more sudden in their movements than hands, and more conveniently situated for whisking off the flies which alight on the back. It was a pleasant sight to see the ancestral men leisurely smoking and waving their flexible tails at the doors of their wigwams in the golden autumnal evenings, and within were no squalling children, nor wrangling females. The men doted on their tails, and they painted and adorned them; they platted the hair into

beautiful tresses, and wore bright beads and shells and wampum with the hair. They attached bows and streamers of coloured ribbons to the extremities of their tails, and when men ran and pursued the elk or the moose, there was a flutter of colours behind them, and a tinkle of precious ornaments.

But the red men became proud; they were so happy and all went so well with them that they forgot the Great Spirit. They no more offered the fattest and choicest of their game upon the memahoppa or altar-stone, nor danced in his praise who dispersed the rains to clean the earth and his lightnings to cool and purify the air. Wherefore he sent his chief, Manitou, to humble them by robbing them of what they valued most, and bestowing upon them a scourge and affliction adequate to their offence. The spirit obliged his master, and, coming on earth, reached the ground in the land of the Kickapoos. He looked about him, and soon discovered that the red men prized their tails above every other possession. Summoning together all the Indians he acquainted them with the will of the Wahconda, and demanded the instant sacrifice of their cherished member. It is impossible to describe the sorrow and compunction which filled their bosoms when they found that the forfeit for their oblivion of the Great Spirit was to be that beautiful and beloved appendage. Tail after tail was laid upon the block, and amputated.

The mission of the spirit was, in part, performed. He now took the several tails and converted them into vain, noisy, chattering, gad-about women. Upon these objects the tailless Kickapoos now lavished their admiration; they loaded them, as before, with beads, wampum, and paint, and decorated them with tinkling ornaments and coloured ribbons. Yet the women had lost one essential quality which as tails



they had possessed. The caudal appendage had brushed off man the worrying insects which sought to sting or suck his blood, whereas the new article was itself provided with a sharp sting, called by us a *tongue*; and, far from brushing annoyances off man, it became an instrument for accumulating them upon his back and shoulders. Pleasant and soothing to the primeval Kickapoos was the wagging to and fro of the member stroking and fanning his back, but the new one became a scourge to lacerate.

However, woman retains indications of her origin. She is still beloved as of yore; she is still beautiful, with flowing hair; still adapted to trinketry. Still is she frisky, vivacious, and slappy; and still, as of old, does she ever follow man, dangling after him, hanging on his heels, and never, of her own accord, separating from him.

The Kickapoos divested of their tails, the legend goes on to relate, were tormented by the mosquitoes, till the Great Spirit, in compassion for their woes, mercifully withdrew the greater part of their insect tormentors. Overjoyed at their deliverance, the red men supplicated the Wahconda to remove the other nuisances also, the women; but he replied that the women were a necessary evil, and must remain.

This is worse treatment than that which the ladies received from Hesiod. I have heard of a young and romantic lady, who was so enraptured with the ideal of American-Indian life as delineated by Fenimore Cooper, that she fled her home and went to the *savages of Canada*. It is to be hoped she didn't fall to the lot of a Kickapoo.

It is more pleasant to believe that women are made from our ribs, which we know, comes very close to our hearts, and thus to account for the mutual sympathy of man and woman, and thereby to account for that compassion and tenderness that man feels for her, and also for the manner in

which she flies to man's side as her true resting-place in peril and doubt.

But I have a cosmogony of my own, elucidated from internal convictions assisted by all the modern appliances of table-rapping and clairvoyancy. According to my cosmogony, woman is compounded of three articles, *viz.*—sugar, tincture of arnica, and soft-soap. Sugar, because of the sweetness which is apparent in most women—alas! that in some it should have acidulated into strong domestic vinegar; arnica, because in woman is to be found that quality of healing and soothing the bruises and wounds which afflict us men in the great battle of life; and soft-soap, for reasons too obvious to need specification.

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## CHAPTER XI.

FRANK SIMPSON RECEIVES OUR UNITED FELICITATIONS,  
AND HUNT ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES HOLDS OUT  
A BRILLIANT PROMISE TO THE YOUTHFUL ORATOR.  
DANGER LOOMS IN THE DISTANCE : WARLIKE PREPA-  
RATIONS FOR MEETING IT. AN AMBUSCADE.

The scene that followed this effusion of a practical knowledge of women, baffles description.

Uncle Joe, amidst repeated plaudits and loud huzzas, rose and advanced towards the youthful orator, describing in his passage, a species of geometrical figure not unlike a parabola. Simultaneous with this movement, and actuated by the same



impulse, the whole of us gathered round Montgomery, congratulating him on his successful treatment of the delicate subject.

Simpson, who proposed the question, expressed his entire satisfaction in a pompous little speech which wound up with a promise of petitioning the various scientific and literary societies of Europe, to have him (Montgomery) enrolled as one of the *literati* of the world.

Hunt fully concurred with Simpson, on the proviso that the ladies of Penang be first consulted as to the propriety of such a step. He doubted not they would manifest their just appreciation of Montgomery's oratorical powers by a public presentation of a *highly-polished leather-medal*, in the Court of Requests, at which interesting ceremony he would guarantee the attendance of his charming Jemima who would grace the meeting by appearing in a gown of green baize trimmed with corduroy flounces, the whole surmounted by an exquisitely-wrought blanket to officiate as a shawl.

He was interrupted by Piddington who, looking at his watch, observed that it was high time we should disperse and seek our respective domiciles, as it was now 2 A. M.; but this we were not destined to do, for, just as we were about to act on his suggestion, a servant entered the room, and going up to Piddington, handed him a note which he hastily scanned, biting his lower lip and contracting his forehead.

Calling us together, he said he had just received

a note, the contents of which caused him some uneasiness, and desired an immediate consultation.

Re-seating ourselves at the table, Piddington handed the note to me with a request to read it out. It was from a lady-friend, and ran thus :—

MY DEAR MR. PIDDINGTON,

Be on your guard !

I've just heard from a reliable source that Lieutenant Arlington and his associates, now carousing at 'Richmond Lodge,' meditate a night attack on you and your companions.

Lieutenant Arlington has not forgotten the pounding you gave him on the 5th of last August at Mr. Barton's residence on Mount Sophy, and has sworn to be revenged on you this very night.

Two o'clock is the hour they have decided on, so be prepared ; or, better still, vacate the hotel where I understand you are at present, and go home at once.

I feel the greatest anxiety for your safety, as I know Lieutenant Arlington to be a desperate man, and capable of doing anything, when excited.

Do nothing rash if you can help it, and thus oblige

Yours very sincerely,

STRAWBERRY HILL;	}	LOUIZA BROMPTON.
November 9, 1869, 10-15 P. M.		

"Well boys," said Piddington, when I had ceased reading this warning missive, "here's a fair chance for another shindy if you're so disposed."

"I long to measure myself with that i—r—l Arlington;" said Hufit, "why, only the other day

he had the impudence to call Miss Rawlinson a jaded, superannuated, and dilapidated old hag: it was well for him I wasn't present at the time; however, here's an opportunity which I sha'n't throw away."

"But," remarked Maurice Harrington, "Miss Brompton doesn't say how many they are."

"That's what I was about to observe," said Frank Simpson.

"If you have no objection," interposed Montgomery, "I'll undertake to go up the hill at once on a reconnaissance."

"The very thing," said Piddington, "but, mark you, be cautious, and don't be long about it as there is no time to be lost. *It is now a quarter to two.*"

When Montgomery had gone, we continued, *sotto voce*, our deliberations, which were of a decidedly warlike aspect, Uncle Joe taking part in them with all the ardour of a fiery youth. He, too, had a grudge—or fancied he had one—against Lieutenant Arlington, and swore a most expressive oath that, come what may, he'd stick to us like a leech, and was as good as his word.

Montgomery returned panting, and reported that there were ten of them, but couldn't possibly make them out, as their faces were enveloped in *craps*. They were armed with sticks of various kinds, he said, and were just then discussing an immediate descent.

Hastily filling our glasses we drank 'success to our arms,' and going down stairs, each of us selected a stout *lawyer* from the stand in the hall. We then marched out, noiselessly in the direction of the baths, hard by which the ascent to 'Richmond Lodge' situated on Mr. Thompson's hill, lay.

Going up about twenty-five feet of the steep and rugged road,—where the *lallang* grew thick and high on each side,—five of us took our places on one side of the ascent, the other four taking up a suitable position on the other.

Kneeling on one knee in the high grass by which we were effectually concealed, we rested our hands on our *shillelahs* firmly planted in the ground, and, with heaving bosoms, and hearts that beat high, awaited in breathless silence the approach of the enemy.

We were not long kept in suspense, for scarce had five minutes elapsed, when we caught sound of their muffled tread (they wrapped cloth around their boots) as stealthily and warily they pursued their course down the winding declivity.

At a sharp angle of the road, close by our hiding place, they came in view, and suddenly stopped to deliberate.

From our close proximity to them, of which they were blisfully ignorant, we were enabled to hear a few indistinct words spoken in an undertone, the purport of which we made out to be a fearful

retaliation on Piddington, who, cool and collected, whispered to me that he had heard the words: "Leave Piddington to me, I have an account of long standing to settle with him: belabour the others as much as you like, but, I repeat, leave Piddington to me." The speaker was Arlington himself, upon whom Piddington's eyes, from that moment, were gleaming with the ferocity of a tiger, nor did he take them off till he had stretched him on the gravelly soil, writhing under the effects of a well-directed blow from his bonny cudgel.

But I am digressing.

Their consultation lasted about two minutes, which appeared to us to be fifteen, so impatient were we to be up and acting.

The time came.

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## CHAPTER XII.

PIDDINGTON ORDERS AN ATTACK. THE ENEMY ARE SURPRISED BEYOND MEASURE, AND DECEIVED IN THEIR CALCULATIONS. FORTUNE FAVOURS US A SECOND TIME, AND WE DEFEAT OUR ENEMIES, TAKING THEM PRISONERS. THE CHIEF EFFECTS HIS ESCAPE, BUT IS EVENTUALLY CAPTURED. UNCLE JOE IS HONOURABLY MENTIONED.

Resuming their march, we permitted them to come between us, when Piddington—in the words

reported to have been uttered by Lord Wellington on the memorable field of Waterloo,—thundered out: “Up, Guards, and at them.”

Springing from our ambush with the rapidity of an electric flash, we astonished the enemy by a shower of blows, which told most emphatically on their ill-protected craniums, causing them to stagger like so many intoxicated men.

Recovering their presence of mind they returned the compliment in right good style by a liberal profusion of *thumps* and *thuds* that seemed, for a moment, to turn the tide of victory from us: but it was only for a moment.

By a *ruse de guerre*, for which Uncle Joe deserves credit, we dislodged them from their advantageous position, securing it for ourselves.

[*Here let me remark that we did not allow them to pass us on their way down from the hill, but attacked them as they were right abreast of us. Utterly bewildered, they attempted to beat a retreat, and were successful in re-ascending a portion of the road, leaving us to follow them, which we did. Finding us close on their heels, they in despair turned round, and from their rising ground threatened to deprive us of the victory, but—as I’ve already stated—by a stratagem we compelled them to change places with us.*]

Rendered desperate by the prosperous issue of our *finesse*, the enemy bravely charged us over and over again, only to be beaten back, frantic with pain.



In one of these onsets my right arm was disabled by a terrible blow, dealt with the butt end of a *lawyer*; but the generous donor paid dearly for his ugly gift, for, at that moment, he was struck down by Hunt, who had observed my misfortune and the author of it.

"Awfully jolly this," said Hunt as he was laying about him in earnest, "I never had such fun in my life. I say Arlington," rushing at that individual whom he discovered by the tone of his voice, "take that," dealing him a stunner, "and thank Miss Rawlinson, you walking-piece of animated pipe-clay.

At length, jaded and fatigued, bruised and cut, they gave up the contest and acknowledged themselves licked, upon which Piddington, in a voice tremulous with rage, commanded them to unmask their faces: this they did with evident reluctance, and, to our amazement, proved to be the very same naval officers whom we thrashed during the day.

But Arlington was nowhere to be seen: search was made in the *lal ang* on all sides but to no purpose.

Determined to discover his hiding-place at all hazards, Piddington first disarmed the seamen whom he gave in charge to seven of our party as prisoners of war, and then, requesting me to follow him, went up to 'Richmond Lodge,' which we found closed against us. Battering at the door with our sticks, a Chinaman appeared overhead, asking us what we wanted.

In a few words we made known to this obsequious official the object of our mission, and was informed by him that there was a *Tuan* up-stairs, but that it was simply impossible for him to see anybody just then, as he was not very well. This intelligence decided us; we resolved to break open the door which was made of a material a trifle better than *pappan pichar*. In a trice it flew open, and before he was aware of the fact, the Chinaman lay sprawling on the floor, the effect of a box on the nape of the neck administered by Piddington.

Entering a side room, we found Arlington seated in an arm-chair, his right arm in a sling and pale from sheer exhaustion: three pretty gashes of various lengths ornamented his face.

As he caught sight of us, he started to his feet, but Piddington quietly bade him fear nothing, as the object of his visit was anything but an unfriendly one.

"Be assured, Arlington," said Piddington, "I bear you no malice whatever, and up to this very day I fancied you bore me none either, but I see I was mistaken. You haven't forgotten the affair of last August; but remember, I acted then, as I did to-night, in my own defence. If I've offended you in any other way, I candidly say I'm sorry for it. Were it not for the timely warning I received of your intention to be revenged on me this very night, I and my companions would have fared very differently,

a single exception, cut and bruised more or less, so that I think you ought to be satisfied at your attempt to revenge an insignificant affair which I had long forgotten, and thought you had the good sense to do the same."

"*Insignificant* affair you call it," interposed Arlington; "you, perhaps, forget that it happened in the presence of ladies."

"I do not forget, Lieutenant Arlington, that ladies were present on that occasion," retorted Piddington with some warmth; "but remember that it was before the said ladies you bantered me, and I could not but return your ungentlemanly and ill-timed remarks, in language calculated to exasperate you against me, and which ultimately led you to discard all propriety by striking me with your clenched fist. Could I, could any man of honour and spirit, tolerate such an outburst of malevolent feelings without forfeiting his claim to a respectable position in the first society of the Island and Province? Reconsider and ponder over the arguments I adduce to support the justice of my conduct on the 5th of August last, and you will, casting aside all prejudice, be foremost in maintaining that my behaviour was perfectly justifiable."

"Well, Piddington," said Arlington, "you put the matter in quite a different light from that in which I always viewed it. My vindictive nature prompted me to a retaliation on you at some future date, for, what I now confess to be, an imaginary

wrong. As I have this opportunity of apologizing for my past enmity towards you, I feel bound in duty to do so.—Do you forgive me, Piddington?”

“I do, old boy, with all my heart,” replied Piddington whose face beamed again with intense satisfaction.

“I’m sorry,” Arlington continued, “to have been the cause of bloodshed this night, actuated as I was by a selfish motive of revenge, and hope to obtain the forgiveness and friendship of your companions and yourself.”

“Bravo, Arlington,” shouted Piddington: “here’s my hand, the hand of a true friend.”

The two shook hands most warmly in the good old Irish style, after which Arlington stretched forth his hand to me, requesting me to give it a gentle squeeze, as two of his fingers were sprained in the late shindy. There was no necessity for such an injunction as my own poor arm was frightfully mauled.

We then descended the rugged declivity, Arlington and Piddington, arm in arm, leading, whilst I brought up the rear staggering like one, suffering from the effects of a *magnum* of *gloria*.

## CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT EXPECT  
NOTHING; FOR THEY SHALL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED.  
CONCLUSION.

To our surprise, on re-entering the hotel, we found both captors and captives convivially united in discussing large quantum of steaming punch, the delicious aroma of which was certainly most inviting.

The appearance they presented was a most warlike and, at the same time, picturesque one.

Seated at the head of the table, Montgomery was relating a narrow escape he had from being made a Mussulman by the Achinese, on whose coast, he positively swore, he had been wrecked three and twenty years ago, the truth of which statement may be questioned from the fact that he was only nineteen years of age at the time,—when his head swathed in bandages, and his left arm in a handkerchief slung around his neck,—he was holding forth a discourse in the Alexandra hotel, on the most probable of his adventures.

All round the table the others were seated in mute attention, not unfrequently moving about uneasily in their chairs and contracting their features, an operation, I must say, sensibly deleterious to their good looks.

Having put ourselves in medical trim, we joined them, and contributed our quota to the general conversation, which consisted of various yarns, supposed to be true. Uncle Joe, with an immense patch over his nose and right cheek, as usual monopolised our attention to a considerable extent by an effusion of loquacity, peculiar to a certain portion of the human race, which I'll not mention.

As we were thus engaged, a solitary policeman, uninvited, marched into the room, and desired to know what noise that was which disturbed his watchful slumbers. By way of reply, a Middy, who was nearest him, clapped his Malacca cane most ominously on the table, giving him, a dreadful look, that meant, what the valiant *bobby* was wise enough to understand; and taking the hint, sneaked out casting furtive glances as he went, to make certain he wasn't followed.

After his departure, the flow of talk was diverted into another channel by Piddington, who observed to Hunt that it was a fortunate circumstance for his friends that dear Jemima did not put in an appearance that day.

"Yes, by George," said Hunt, "it is, indeed, a lucky thing for you, as you would have had to fork out a pretty little round sum; but," he continued *sotto voce*, "to tell you the truth, I'd chuck her up any day for 150 dollars, the joint sum you promised to pay me."

"By the way, Hunt," I said, "let's have another



ask at that species of promissory note if you have about you."

He produced the paper handing it to one of the officers, begging of him to read it aloud for the information of his brother-officers.

The document ran thus :—

We, the undersigned, do hereby individually promise on oath, to pay Mr. Josiah Hunt, barrister-at-law, practising in the High Court of Judicature in the Island of Penang, the sum of one hundred and fifty (150) dollars, in case his betrothed, Miss Jemima Rawlinson, aged seventy (70) years, three (3) months, one (1) fortnight, one (1) week, and one (1) day, should break off the matrimonial engagement, now existing between the said Mr. Josiah Hunt, Barrister-at-law, &c., &c., and the aforesaid Miss Jemima Rawlinson, aged &c., &c., &c., his affianced, in consequence of the aforementioned Miss Jemima Rawlinson, aged &c., &c., &c., having observed the already-alluded-to Mr. Josiah Hunt, Barrister-at-law, &c., &c., her darling betrothed, attired *à la chemise*, going to, at, or returning from, a picnic-party in the suburbs of George Town, on the ninth (9th) day of November, eighteen-hundred-and-sixty-nine (1869).

In testimony of the above, we affix our respective seals and signatures.

(Signed)

We'll  
See  
You  
Dancing  
Aërial  
Jigs  
First.

DOORIE HALL, PENANG;  
November 9th, 1869.

"Sold, by all that's glorious and jolly," exclaimed one of the officers.

"Yes, indeed," said Hunt, looking at the document carefully : "I do declare you commercial buffers have more cunning about you than we lawyers

give you credit for. To have done a barrister my repute for forensic shrewdness so complete in the eye is a clever joke, for which you deserve credit. I say, Piddington, it's a confounded shame that you took me in so thoroughly ; but by all that's mysterious and wonderful, how did you do it so nicely ?

Piddington was satisfying his eager curiosity, by a detailed explanation of the secret understanding we had come to with respect to our signatures, when a most violent euroclydon suddenly sprang up, threatening to carry away the 'News Room,' in which we were assembled.

As a matter of course, further talk was out of the question, but scrambling down the stairs in all possible haste, we took refuge in one of the side rooms on the ground-floor, where we stretched ourselves in such chaotic disorder, as to frequently grasp each other's legs instead of our own, in vain endeavours to extricate them from their painful position. I feared that the upshot of this confused conglomeration, would be a free fight, advocating the principle of *meum et tuum*, but exhausted by the fatigues of the day—to say nothing of stunning potations of the good stuff—we soon sank into a profound slumber from which we awoke at noon of the 10th of November, to find that our heads were ready to split with aching.

Piddington, Hunt, and myself, in consequence of having neglected our wounds, were attacked by

a most malignant fever, from the effects of which I had the good fortune to recover first, after having been confined to my bed for three long weary weeks.

Convalescence having set in, my medical adviser (Dr. Vansittart) recommended a move to the Province where I was to stay for some time, during which, he most emphatically forbade me to have any intercourse whatever with my *dilettanti* of the 9th of November, as he was apprehensive of a relapse, in which case he positively averred with a dreadful expletive that I would go off like a shot.

I accordingly went to Province Wellesley, where I spent a fortnight with a friend of mine, under whose cheerful and hospitable roof I rapidly recovered my former self.

This brief stay in the Province constitutes one of the most interesting and pleasant episodes in my eventful and chequered existence; and at some future date I intend to publish, for the amusement of the Provincials,

SOUVENIRS  
OF  
PROVINCE WELLESLEY,  
BEING  
LIVED RECOLLECTIONS  
OF  
A FORTNIGHT'S SOJOURN  
IN  
THAT DELIGHTFUL DISTRICT.

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